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Knothole

SUNY College of Environmental Science and Forestry

April 27, 1994

Volume 46 Number 27

Food as the Thought

By Melissa Backus

A panel discussion was presented for Earth Week at ESF last Wednesday night (4/20) at 7 pm about vegetarianism and our environment. Those presenting the issue included Dr. Brocke, Mike Goergen, Joe Smith, Ms. Corina Laguna, and Mr. Jim Ponzi. Each individual was given 5 to 7 minutes to state their position or concerns, and then it was left to open discussion.

Mike Goergen spoke first on the issue pro-vegetarianism. He spoke on his personal beliefs of biodiversity and the global effects of livestock grazing. One point was that 5,214 gallons of water is used to produce one pound of beef. Where 25 gallons of water is used to produce that same amount of wheat.

Joe Smith, the president of Syracuse University For Animal Rights, stated that if we truly want to protect the environment, causing least impact, then go veganism. However, he also claimed that he is not bias against those who eat meat. A problem when growing livestock and our natural environment is the wasting and degradation of the freshwater supply. Also, an main concern of his is the suffering that non-human animals face during transportation, confinement and

slaughter. He claims meat is a luxury, not a necessity. A point about hunting was also introduced, and he feels strongly that human's must not feel that hunting of animals is a cleaner way for them to die.

Ms. Corina Laguna, an S.U. health specialist, stated her opinion which does not side for or against vegetarianism. She recommended that if ones choice is to be vegan, to practice properly so one does not deplete necessary vitamins from their system. Those vitamins which may become lost when switching to vegan are iron, amino acids and calcium. There are 8 essential proteins which human's can get only through consumption. Eating meat provides all 8, whereas a combination of grains and beans is necessary to fulfill those same 8 protein requirements.

Mr. Jim Ponzi, a representative of the S.U. food services, discussed the vegetarian options daily provided at the dining centers. He says they are willing to hear from students who have entree ideas for students special dietary needs. The dietary aid at the Shine student center is Sue Sandstrom, and concerns or ideas may be discussed with her.

Dr. Brocke, a EFB professor at ESF, is a meat eater. His strong point was

on how human's have evolved as a whole organism meant to live a certain lifestyle. In the way we are organized, the amino acid demand, and teeth structure, define how we are to eat and what we were made to consume. His example included a deer jaw and a pigs' jaw versus a black bear. Each jaw is distinctly different depending on what is to be consumed (carnivores have canine teeth for example). Also slightly touched upon was his judgment on hunting and how the life of a wild animal is naturally cruel and short lived and death is usually very brutal. His opinion is that hunting is less cruel. "You can be ethical and still eat meat," Dr. Brocke explains.

The discussion ended on a note that we are all free to eat what we choose, and that we must not eliminate one or the other completely (plant or animal) or problems would certainly arise. Thank-you again to all who spoke. I feel that much was discovered and discussed on this topic for those who were a part of it. Also, special thanks to our moderator Chuck Wentzel!!!



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Policy/Deadline

The Knothole is the student publication of the State University of New York College of Environmental Science and Forestry. It is published every Wednesday during the school year. **The deadline for submitting pieces for publication is THURSDAY at 4:00pm on the week before they are to appear. On disk, the deadline is FRIDAY at 12 noon.** Letters to the Editor will not be printed unless they are signed. Articles must also contain the writer's name (names will be withheld upon request). The opinions expressed are those of the writer only and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the paper's staff or anyone else affiliated with the College. We strongly encourage any counterviews, articles, notices, suggestions, and new staff members. The Knothole staff meets in Room 22 in the basement of Bray, Tuesdays at 6:00. Phone: 470-6892.

This Week's Fan Mail



Letter to the editor

I support Greg Bubniak's right to say anything he wants. No this is not part of the humor issue. Editorials are for opinions, they don't have to be based on facts. It would be nice if they were, but they're not. Mr. Bubniak, however misguided I think he may be, has the same rights everyone in this country is supposed to have, and I'm pretty sure freedom of speech is one of those.

So what if what he says is basically the Rush Limbaugh newsletter reprinted. So what if he ignores the facts just about all the time. I don't see to many people out there willing to be editor of the Knothole. In fact I don't see to many people out there expressing their opinions at all. Why hasn't anyone stood up and said "Kurt Cobain does not speak for me or my generation!" Why are we always reactive? Why aren't we ever proactive. I'd rather talk to someone that had an opinion than somebody who felt missing two out of seven nights at Chuck's was an injustice.

Although I do not support Mr. Bubniak's opinions, I do support his right to be dogmatic, racist, homophobic, sexist, conservative, liberal, a cheerleader, a meat eater or anything else he or anyone wants to be. Greg Bubniak and other defenders of the status quo give 'liberals' like me all the more purpose in life. In fact without them we probably wouldn't have jobs. Keep up the good(?) work Greg, I'll do my best to see that your version of America never happens.

Michael Goergen

Should clubs vote? USA Doesn't think so

I would like to briefly clarify the current situation in regard to USA and clubs being allotted a vote at USA meetings.

As a basic timeline of events, first USA changed their constitution and their bylaws, the former illegally. Next, there was a brief discussion at the USA meeting three weeks ago concerning the newly mandated club representation and attendance and a possible voting allowance.

Two weeks ago a motion was rejected to suspend the rules (the Constitutional requirement) that would have brought to vote a change in the USA constitution granting clubs a single vote (contingent on representative attendance) during USA meetings and on all their affairs. Also, two weeks ago, a motion to amend the Constitution to allow clubs the right to vote was tabled (in my observation, to allow the elected Council members time to con-

USA, continued on page 6

Creativity Contest Winners

Congratulations to the 1994 Knothole Creativity Contest Winners!! We'd like to extend a warm thank you to all of you who submitted your work. It was all wonderful, and selection of winners was extraordinarily difficult. First Place winners will receive \$35, second place \$22, third place \$12, and honorable mention \$5. Awards certificates and prize checks may be picked up at the Knothole office Thursday, April 28, from noon to 2, or from from Heather Engelman in B7 Marshall, almost any time. Other arrangements can be made for the return of artwork by calling 470-6892. Please leave a message.

Poetry

First: His Hell, Sharon Bickel
Second: Stolen, Suni Edson
Third: Senses of Earth, Barbara Jo

Short Story

First:
The Turtle and the Bird, Win Everham
Second:
One Summer Evening, Brian Sterner

Artwork

First:
Man with Head under Hood,
Brian Sterner
Second:
Dormant Chipmunk, Kim Sielski
Third:
Dancing by Fire, Russel Martin
Honorable Mention:
Frogs, Maria Wilson

The Turtle and the Bird

By Win Everham

Once there was a turtle who crawled through the woods each day. He was a happy turtle who liked his home in the woods.

He knew all the plants and the animals and liked to crawl and swim and eat.

One particular day he met someone new, a bird that flew into the woods.

Now this bird wasn't one of those gaudy colorful birds, it was plain and simple. But it did have a beautiful song.

Everyday the turtle would look for the bird, and everyday they would talk for a little bit, and the turtle would listen to the bird sing. It was a good life.

The turtle remembered things that turtles had forgotten long ago. Like, did you know that turtles too can sing? Mostly they have forgotten, but this turtle, with the help of his friend the bird, remembered.

So the turtle and the bird spent the summer remembering old songs and inventing new ones. The turtle, whose life had always been good, began to think and dream of many new things.

What would it be like to have wings and to fly like my friend the bird? But turtles are after all, turtles, and they can't fly.

Summers end, and winter comes, and with winter turtles must sleep. So as it turned cold the turtle said to his friend the bird, "stay here with me through

the winter and we'll sing to keep ourselves warm.

But birds are after all birds, and they have to fly south. The bird said, "Sorry my friend, but I can't stay. I must fly away to where it is warm."

"But who knows, one day I may be back and we can sing together again. Maybe one day we could even fly together, who knows?"

Now you may think that is cruel, to say to a turtle maybe you can fly, but the turtle knew that what the bird really meant was, "I wish we could fly together, because you are my friend."

All through the long sleep of the winter, the turtle dreamed of his friend, and of singing together, and of flying together.

The turtle found, as the winter dragged on, that it was harder to remember what the bird looked like, and it was hard to remember all the songs they had invented together.

But it didn't matter, spring would come, then his friend would return, and together they would remember.

And spring did return, but the bird did not. All through the spring the turtle watched and listened for his friend, until the memories of their songs, and the dreams of flying grew dim.

And some days the turtle sang with all his heart and still missed his friend, but was happy to be able to sing.

The turtle never saw his friend again, and he stopped dreaming of flying,

but he never forgot how to sing!

One Summer Evening Evening by Brian Sterner

Summer evenings in the Adirondacks are completely different from those anywhere else. They start out warm, breezy and with a beautiful sunset, and progress to cool and still with mist rolling in over the lakes.

This evening was caught at that perfect moment when there was enough light to still see, but the air was calm and it was not yet too cold. We slid the canoe quietly into the water. The only noise was some kids fishing from a rowboat off in the distance, busy laughing and talking, not really worried about scaring any fish.

We had chosen this sleeker craft to go explore, away from the boat launch, away from the flurry of fishing activity. So we headed out around the point, away from the rest of camp to see what we could see.

We started out, her on her second excursion in a canoe; and me, well maybe my two thousandth. On this trip there would be something new for both of us, a new experience for us to share.

Around the point we went and without going to far we saw something swimming along the surface of the water near the other shore. Silently we moved through the wisps of quickly forming mist, across the lake to see what the mysterious apparition could be.

And there it was, just barely at the surface of the water swimming along, a beaver. In all my years of living in the Adirondacks during the summer I had never actually seen one, just always knew they were there.

The beaver had always been part of live up there, just a mysterious element that was heard but not seen. A tail slap echoing across the water during a moonlight canoe trip, or an unknown force that was adjusting the water level flooding out trails at random. They were the ones responsible for the dams you walk across heading north on the other side of the mountains. But, until that moment, they had been a ghostly presence, never before seen, only their works giving away their existence.

So there we were sitting in the water next to the legend. Something made a sound, and the beaver went down and away. We took off like mad to where we figured it might come up.

The beaver swam so much faster that we had expected. It seemed to know where we thought it would go so it knew not to be there. So silently again we made way to where the beaver had surfaced, so that we could watch it swim once again. This time, we were silent longer and could watch it more.

On and one we went, paddling fast

and furious then swift and silent, again and again. It seemed to evolve from a game of cat and mouse to something else, something more. It became more like a conversation though no words were spoken, except whispers of awe between those in the boat.

The contrast between the beaver and the canoe was great. The silent, nearly invisible beaver going about its business so smoothly, so gracefully. And two people in a clunky aluminum canoe, trying their best to silence the bubbling water from every paddle stroke, the dripping water on the recovery, and trying to keep their own excitement contained and quiet.

Suddenly, something made us look around and notice that the sun was now past setting and the mist was really beginning to thicken. We said goodbye to the beaver and turned around to head back. When the boat got turned we could see how far we had traveled, it was hard to believe that such a great distance had passed or that we had spent that much time.

So we paddled back still looking, and stopping, and hoping. Hoping to catch another glimpse, and talking about how this was a time we'd never forget. Summer evenings in the Adirondacks are completely different from those anywhere else.



Winning Poems

His Hell

Standing, now
In this place of strident terror.
Dark stain on my memory.

With voice, now
Too late to use it.
Screaming, again, with my head.

Choking, now
Left me there,
Burning from his hell.

Sharon Bickel

Senses of Earth

Look!
For the heavens are crying.
They send their tears to Earth
In outrage cries of pain.

Hear!
For the winds of time tell stories
They speak of a time when the Earth
was pure
And they didn't have a worry.

Taste!
For the nutrients of your vegetables
Have been sucked quickly away.
The evil pesticides endure life in your
fields.

Smell!
For the uprising of the trash can kill
you.
I will quickly send you to your grave
And you shall die an untimely death.

Touch!
For the slime of the Earth moves you.
May it settle your bones to its core
And there you shall live eternal.

Barbara Jo

Stolen

For Lesley

She lies still,
a young orange shriveled by an early
frost.
Cloaked with snowy, starched sheets
and the comfortable indecency of
hospital garb,
she is lost to me.
The vibrant rosy sister that I knew so
well
is gone,
sucked dry by a vampire called Cancer.
Gone are the spring days spent studying
in the womb-like warmth
of the college house.
We'll never again seek refuge
from the West Texas oven
in cool, green watery depths.
No longer can we play
amidst construction paper colored
leaves.
Now, all we have
is a sterile, white, antiseptic shroud
that hospital life
mummifies us with.

She has been kidnapped, stolen.
Her faceless caregivers
have failed to destroy her vampire.
Its silent wings
carried her away to be sacrificed
on the altar of your youth,
while they stood below,
waving their scalpels and syringes
in futile admonition.
I am left alone
in a circle of lamplight,
the darkness whirling just beyond,
memories rustling at my feet
like faded newspapers and old leaves.

Suni Edson

Dawn on the Harbor

you drift
so slowly you drift

in your eyes
I see the understanding
I wonder why it has taken so
long
But I ask no questions
I just accept the realization
That you are ready now to love
A love that we have felt
For such a time
It took so long for us to accept
So long for us to admit
Here we are now
Come into my arms
Into my heart

You have drifted into the harbor
of my love
Here I will better keep you safe
No battering winds of words
will buffet you
No waves of pain will fill the
hull of your mind
In the harbor of my deepest
love
I will protect

Written: September 28, 1993
Revised: October 5, 1993

Heidy Davis

**Have a great summer,
and we hope
your exams go well!**

The Knothole Staff

USA, from page 2

trive a plan to avoid the passage of such a measure) to be discussed at the following meeting.

At the meeting last week, the untabled motion was given friendly amendments by a legitimately concerned member of the elected Council who did such with the most decent of intentions. This motion, if passed, would have served as a recommendation to the undergraduate student body of proposed changes to the USA Constitution. (If passed, the proposed changes would have been publicized in *The Knothole* as well as on posters through the campus. Then a referendum vote of the student body would have to take place to pass the changes.) This mere recommendation could not pass the Council — it did not pass by a substantial margin. Next a motion was made to amend the Bylaws (which can be changed on the spot with a 2/3 majority). The proposed change would have rescinded the mandated attendance of clubs at USA meetings to “strongly encouraging” them to attend said meetings. This, too, did not pass by a margin of 1 vote. During this same meeting, the Council explained how they had been exposed in improperly amending their own constitution and proposed a plan of action to have said amendments added correctly.

The whole spectrum of events that have molded the past few weeks prove something basic and permeating about people in positions of power who have no clue from where said power was derived. If is derived from “the consent of governed.” The “governed” came to the last two meetings to express their views on this issue. Their wishes were virtually ignored by USA whose, seemingly, main objective is to carve itself a notch in the belt of oli-

garchic rule.

The incoming President of Baobab stated it most clearly when he asserted that (and I paraphrase) USA members were elitist and pursuing their own ends, not those of the people they “represent.” True representations of the student body would include more than just curricula reps (which, might I add, before two weeks ago, a mere 13 of 74 possible positions were filled. Now there are a mighty 15 filled.)

USA clearly feels that they are above any criticism by the student body concerning this and many other issues that greatly affect undergraduate student life and activities. It has been suggested to me several times (in the past month), by several different people, that the incoming officers of USA are “different.” I’m not really sure what this exactly says about the feelings toward the power play within the outgoing elected Council. I admit that I was slightly convinced, however skeptical I might have been. These beliefs came from people that I greatly respect and trust. I know that they truly believed what they were telling me. I however, have my own eyes, ears, and reason. I, as well as many others on this campus, see what conniving games USA has played in the past (to perpetuate its own ends) and potentially will play into the future. They are not acceptable.

As I am graduating, I call upon those of you who remain, to bring this narrow issue of pseudo-representation an the broader issue of USA arrogance into control. With the size of ESF there exists the possibility of an almost Athenian form of direct democracy. There are 74 curricula positions. Fill them if you wish to represent your curriculum. Push for clubs to be either granted the

right to vote or not be mandated to attend meetings. Fill those club positions. Push the public referendum and bypass the USA Council’s control over the amendment process. Take some pride in regaining control of your student fee for activities that you deem worthy. Get some new students involved next fall. Make them understand the issue. Get the 1/2 student body vote needed. Get 100% student body vote.

You can work within the system, however frustrating it may be. Throughout this entire letter I refer to USA as “them” and “they” rather than “us” and “we.” I am a voting member of USA. I have consistently (in my long term of 3 weeks) voted for clubs’ rights. I do not feel part of the USA system that rears its ugly, power-hungry head and I will not accept theoretical inclusion into said group. I were there to vote, to hopefully foster change. Breaking down tyrannical rule of the majority requires revolution from within. Make it so.

Melanie Emerson

A Big Thanks From ΓΔΘ

The sisters of Gamma Delta Theta would like to thank SAF and the student chapter of PIMA for their contributions to our swim-a-thon last Saturday. SAF participated in such events as the cannon ball splash, sing-and-swim race, the basketball toss, etc., and they did a great job! Their donations will benefit the Audubon Society.

Thanks guys!

The sisters of ΓΔΘ

WEST?

Yes

Looking for somebody to drive with.

My Car

Share gas expenses and driving responsibility

Going as far as Nevada

Willing to drop you off in a major city east of Great Basin National Park

Call Barry, 443-7938

Plan to leave May 8 and drive almost straight through. One or two quick detours.

Womyn's Collage

For the week of April 25-29, there will be a display of a collage in Bray Rotunda, dedicated to ESF's womyn. This presentation is a result of the collective work of the womyn who attended the potluck dinner in March for Womyn's History Month. So come and see it for yourself!

Just another end-of semester housekeeping detail:

If you are wondering what that funny little key is on your key ring, it's probably to one of the lockers in the basement of the Marshall Hall. IT MUST BE RETURNED TO 110 BRAY HALL AT THE END OF THE SPRING SEMESTER. Please don't forget!

Dear Knothole Staff,

Thank you very much for inviting us to your Pizza Extravaganza lunch tomorrow. We will be glad to attend.

Jeffrey Beaumont
Gigi Bonilla

An Unanticipated Response from AΞΣ

I am writing in response to the letter in last week's *Knothole* titled, "Honor's Convocation?"

I want to begin by saying that I am no way "offended" by Name Withheld's comments. His/her attempts at disclaimer are at least comical and more probably unnecessary considering the lack of ownership of the letter.

I find it difficult to respond appropriately not knowing whether NW is an Alpha Xi Sigma member, a student, a faculty member, etc.

In any case, I will respond as best I can.

Quite frankly, I have no idea why the Provost could not attend on the 13th. He had committed to attend and we found out at the convocation, from President Whaley, that he would not be showing. I think that we should all be respectful enough to understand that Dr. Tully most likely had a legitimate reason for being unable to attend. Quite honestly, if he didn't have a good reason, it's really not our business. I wasn't pleased either that he could not be there, but it in a way it's his prerogative and the only person that it should be poorly reflected on is him. Certainly, I hope, he would not have committed had he known ahead

of time he could not be there.

I, too, as well as other Alpha Xi Sigma graduating seniors, incoming officers and members, was disappointed at the poor turnout of administration and faculty. Invites were sent to upper administration and faculty curricula chairmen. I will rebut, however, that Dr. Frey's absence alone would have been enough to reschedule this event. Honor's Convocation, as you may not be aware, had been scheduled on that date since Spring of 1992. I do not feel that we should alter the date of our Convocation to accommodate one person, even if he is our advisor. I would have hoped that he would have gone out of his way to attend on that date. If that was not possible, again, that is his business. I would expect that he would be respectful enough to let us know if there was some complication rather than simply not attending.

I agree further that it would be nice if some other body at the College felt that Alpha Xi Members were worth honoring in a separate ceremony or with a dinner that we did not have to organize or publicize ourselves. Alpha Xi Sigma graduating seniors were recognized at the Spring Awards Banquet (as the December grads are at the Soiree), however, they are not USA positions and therefore they are simply mentioned as are most of the scholarship recipients. I find it ironic that you should say that, "our school seems to feel that service to the school is more important." I assume this refers to the granting of Maple Leaf and Robin Hood Oak awards at

Alpha, continued on page 8

Alpha, from page 7

the Awards Banquet. I find this ironic considering that the main purpose, as in AXS's Constitution, is to provide service to the College and community.

Many people on the ESF campus do not view "us" in this way. As recently as two weeks ago a student verbally attacked me during a class saying (and I paraphrase) that Alpha Xi Members were arrogant, elitist snobs whose purpose as a club was to promote their egos. I attempted, at first, to defend myself (as is my nature) and the Society from these assertions only to realize that I was in no way compelled to. As the Society has been here since the advent of the school (as far as we can determine, 1912). I don't think that we have anything to defend. We have built a long tradition of service to this College and I find it personally offensive, ignorant and shallow that other students should view the Society in this manner. This is merely one example of an attitude

that clearly permeates the campus. I wonder if this is directly or indirectly related to the current complacent attitude of the faculty and administration towards the only cross curricular undergraduate honor society at ESF. Being proud of academic achievement at an institution of higher learning should never be something that is taken for granted or treated as snobbery and it seems that by the faculty and administration not supporting AXS, they are clearly either condemning us or condoning our critics. I guess, in general, I am more than appalled — I am severely disappointed that people at this level of academia could act in such a childish manner.

I hope that this feedback is what you were looking for. I assume, however, that you would have preferred it from a different source, but I hope this will suffice.

Melanie Emerson
AΞS Outgoing Executive Vice President

Who is Eustace B. Nifkin?

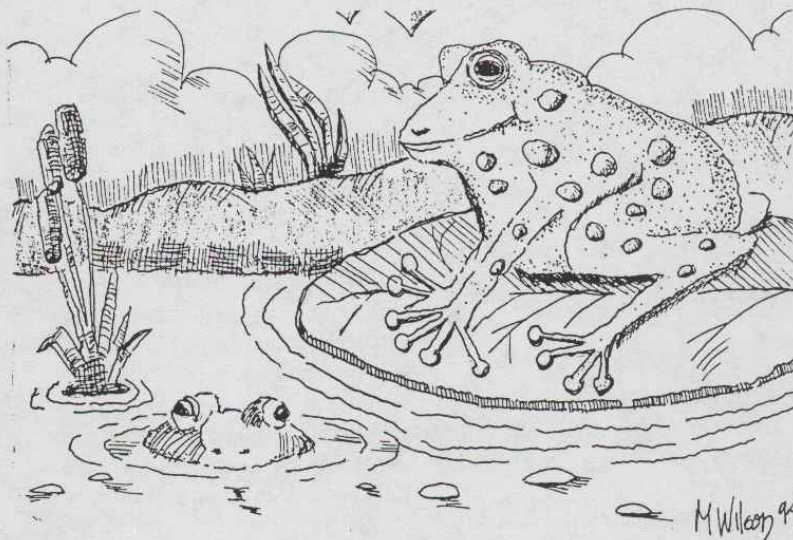
by C. Button

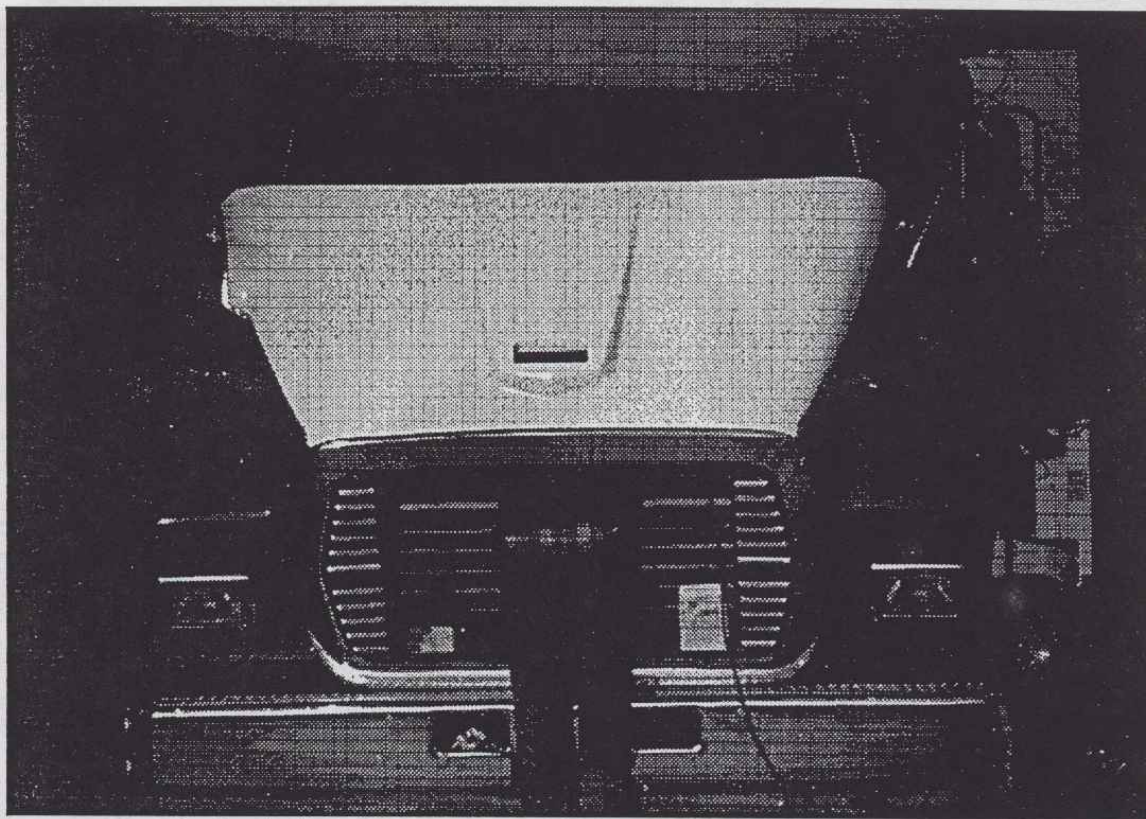
This is not a story of a legend as has been seen in the past. This is who Eustace B. Nifkin is to me...and why I feel that he is important to ESF.

I don't see a forester when I see EB though some do I'm sure. I see a guy in jeans, a button-down shirt and a calculator struggling to get through a BS degree. More specifically, I see a member of the Construction Management program sort of EB. A mischievous sort of guy who has a great deal of integrity but enjoys pranks, sometimes to a fault. Eustace is into the computer age, is capable of driving a stick shift, struggles with calculus and finds it useless anyways, appreciates women and minority issues but struggles with them, wonders about the administration but likes the administrators. Eustace has a great respect for nature and loves this campus and it's students. He has a hope for the future of ESF and the future of everyone who passes through its halls.

In EB Nifkin I see "the patron saint of all good foresters...and some bad." A spirit of the college and a strong tradition not shared by any other university - he is a piece of our heritage and history. Mr. Nifkin represents the light side of life, he represents our dreams at times and gives a good laugh. I hope the day that Eustace B. Nifkin dies because the spirit will die with him and that would be a tremendous loss to the college. He is a tie that binds every student that has attended here since the 40's.

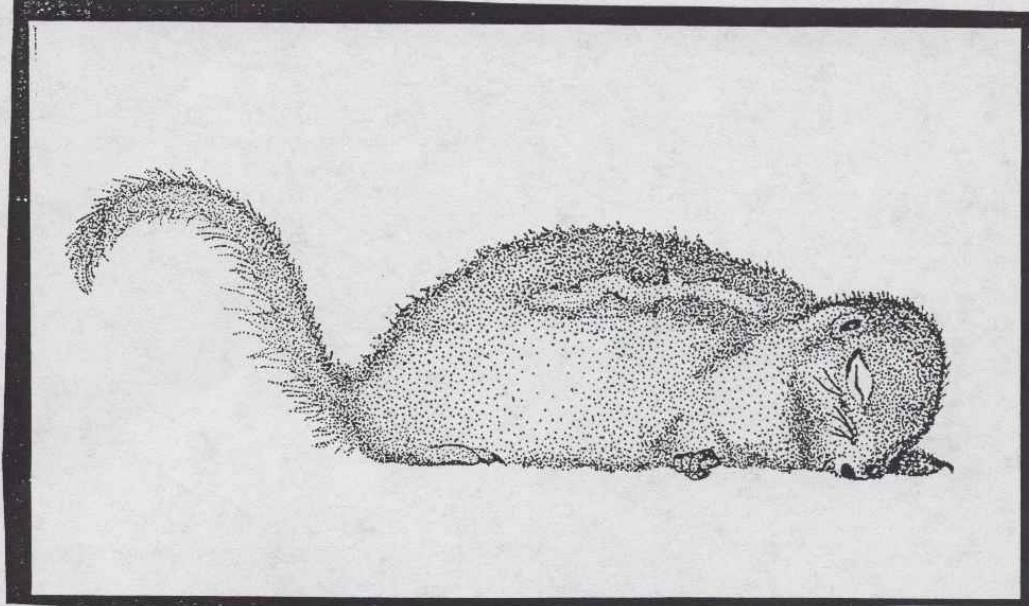
Keep Eustace alive out there!

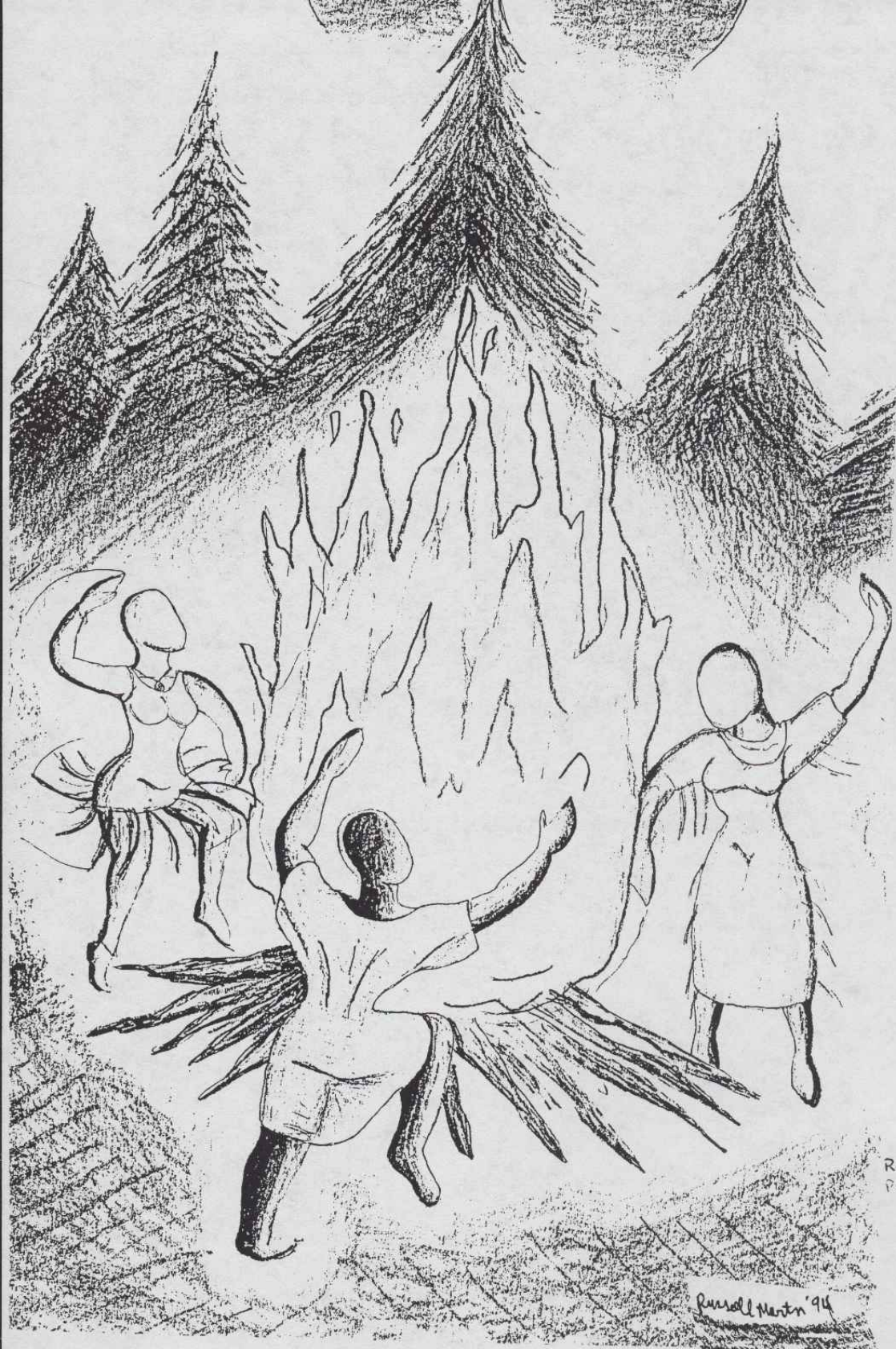




Brian Sterner. Black and white photograph

Kim Sielski. Dormant chipmunk. Pen and ink





Russell Martin
pencil drawing

Russell Martin '94

Calendar of events

Tuesday, April 26

Knothole Staff Meeting, 6 PM, 22 Bray. Last meeting of the semester!

Wednesday, April 27

Last day of Classes

TGIO, 4:30 pm, Nifkin Lounge

Thursday, April 28

Reading Day

Take Our Daughters to Work Day

Friday, April 29

Arbor Day



Exam Period, through Thursday, May 5

ESF UUP Legislative Forum, "The Impact of the Proposed National Health Care Plans on State Employees,"
Gail Maloy, SUNY/UUP Joint Health Care Benefits Committee, 12 noon, 5 Illick. All College
employees are invited.

Saturday, April 30

New York Forest Owners Association Meeting, 8:30 am, Marshall Auditorium and Lounge

Saturday, May 7

2 pm **Fourth Annual Year In Review Slide Show**. Marshall Auditorium

3 pm **Reception for Degree Candidates**, guests, and ESF Community:
CHEM, FEG, PSE, and WPE in Bray Rotunda
EFB, RM, and DUAL Program in Nifkin Lounge
ES and LA in Marshall Hall 103

Congratulations Graduates!

5 pm **ESF Convocation**, Goldstein Auditorium, Schine Center

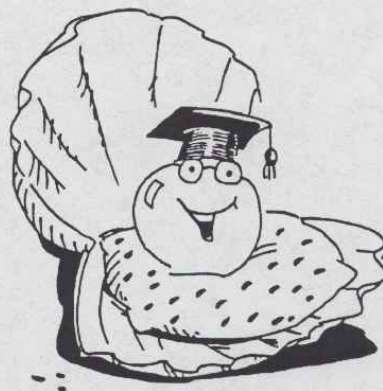
Sunday, May 8

8 am **Complimentary Continental Breakfast** for Degree Candi-
dates, Guests, and ESF Community in Bray
Rotunda

8:45 **College Procession** from Bray Hall to Carrier Dome

9:20 **Academic Procession** in the Carrier Dome

10 am **97th Commencement** ESF Joint Ceremonies with Syracuse
University, Carrier Dome



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There are a few things that I want to know now that I've been here for a while. Long on the list is-why are the doors to Marshall so heavy (I always spill my coffee trying to open them). And why do I always spill my coffee? And why do we try to save the whales and yet commit spermicide by condoning chemically treated condoms...in the library no less. Why do I have to wear a gown to convocation? (In fairness to the other side-How come we never wear gowns to convocation). How come when I do a spell check on Eustace B. Nifkin the computer suggests Ecstasy...does the Macintosh know something we don't? And what the heck do they really do over there in Walters hall. Hey LSA guys, is it true that you can make lettuce opium as a former grad once bragged? (I am in no way implying that LSA people are drug users nor am I implying that all LSA people are guys). Why does everyone hate Booby Q the editor so much? I realize that he's got bad hair but come on. After a year, how come no one can figure out that on a Macintosh, you have to put your disk in the trash can to get it back...don't get me started on the computer stuff. Why would anyone want to eat a vegetarian diet? Inquiring minds want to know. And finally, what about last weeks Booby Q bashing letter. First, what in the world is a wimmin? Perhaps a...oh nevermind. And where did she go to school anyways? I have heard of Clara, Marie, Florence, Eleanor, Harriot and a few more like Helen Kellar perhaps...all in high school. And us "white guys" (the quotes make it OK to bash us) that's how it works in America right? And about those white guys...Albert Einstein? A Jew? Cough, cough, Holocaust, cough. If your going to rank us as all the same how can you include a man like him...I mean, killing a race off is pretty severe.

I'm not trying to be obnoxious.

I just think that this whole thing gets really crazy. I don't know what women are striving for today but in many ways I support them. The same goes for any race of people also. I know that I learn everyday about the prejudices I have. I learn about the prejudices that we all have no matter what sex or color. I struggle with words like wimmin. Like it or not, were the same species and depend on each other for love and survival. But then I stray from the humor of this issue...a three legged hobbles into an old cowboy bar and says, "I'm looking for the man who shot my PAW!"

Christopher Butthead

Wanna be the Sexiest Shroomie Alive?

Order your official *Notquite* boxer shorts now!

They come with the *Notquite* banner displayed proudly across your posterior, with pictures of Eustace and Elsa on the front. These are sure to be a hit at the next TGID (Thank God I'm Drunk) and for Parent/Family weekend.

So, the next time you think your wardrobe is complete, think again. Until you've chopped wood in nothing but the official *Notquite* boxer shorts, you haven't lived!

They are a mere \$6.69, and can be ordered by dropping off your registration forms for next semester at the *Notquite* office, 22 1/3 Bray. Make Checks payable to Booby Q.

Another Open Love Letter

Dearest Eustie,

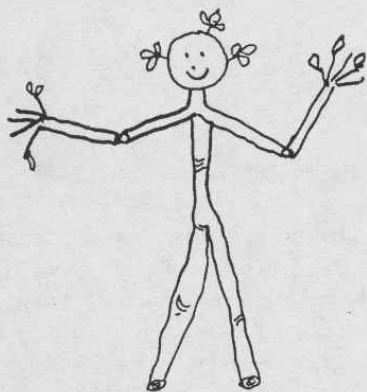
It seems like only yesterday I first saw you walk into the ESF bar-becue wearing that sexy smile underneath that unkempt beard. The tobacco residue caught up in your mustache just seemed to make you all the more attractive. It was then that I knew we were meant to be.

We've come a long way since the days of the Woodsman's Brawl and sneaking off to Cranberry Lake. And what makes me adore you most? I love the way you seem whole when you have me in your arms and your tender touch as you reach to kiss me. I sense your rapture as I receive your kisses with eagerness. I welcome each moment we share... the passion, the premises, the talks, the walks, the dreams and disappointments.

I love your inventive spirit — deflating the Dome, cutting down the Denver trees with your skis, your various painting excursions. How I've laughed at your pranks—and yet I admire the morality and honesty behind the boyish exterior. Your deep commitment to the college shows a maturity that is second to none.

I am so proud of how you've stepped into the 90's by learning the computer with just a manual for a companion. It excites me, Eustace. You excite me...

Eagerly awaiting your arrival home,
El



WPE



ES

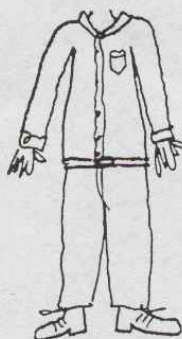
H. SACK



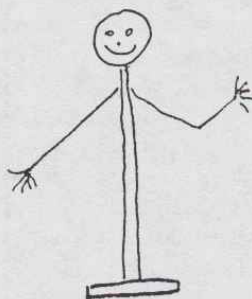
LONG
HAIR
OPTION



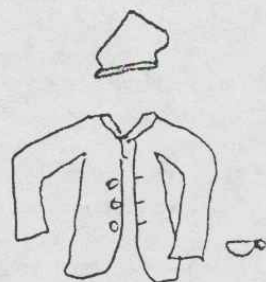
EFB
ALLY. PACK



(The Normal
guys?)



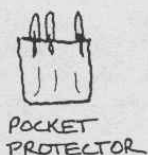
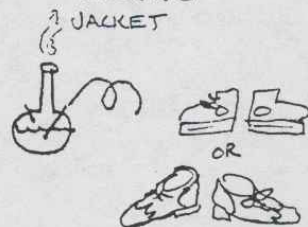
DRESS
RACK



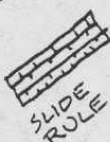
SMOKING
JACKET

CM&E
(CONST. MGMT. & ENGR.)

MOUSY EXPRESSION

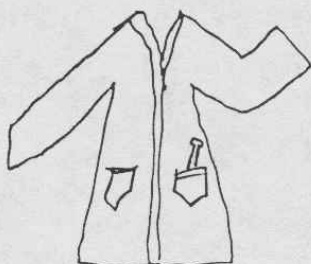


POCKET
PROTECTOR



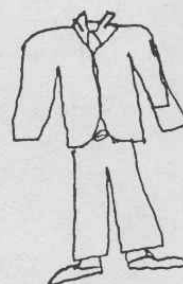
SLIDE
RULE

FEG ALLY. PACK



CHEM

LSA



PSE

Sounding Dumb With Booby Q

My Plan for a Better SUNNY ESP

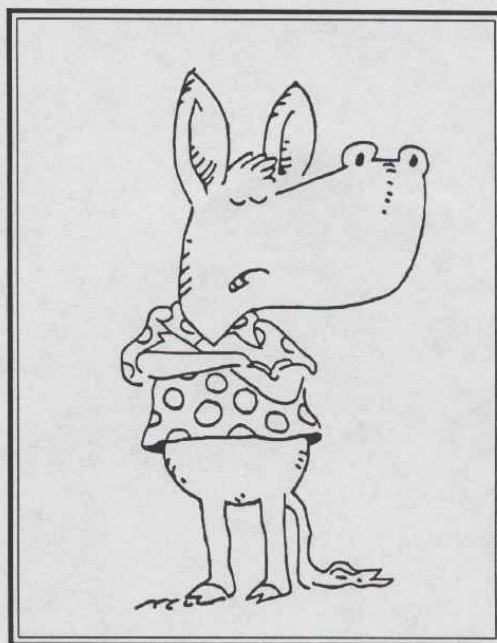
I was wandering around Loon Library and stopped briefly into the men's room, not to be confused with the womyn's room, and visited it for a little bit. I was completely disappointed to find that there was only one condom machine in the men's room. Why? I know that, of all places, the library is the most logical place for a condom machine, so why not two? Haven't you ever seen the lines at these machines during exam week? I would think that SUNNY ESP would have contracted a full-time tended booth directly from the makers of Trojans by now. I do hope that the school's hierarchy is reading this, because I will take the next few paragraphs to describe several things that I feel would make ESP even better.

I think that we should not only have designated smoking areas in every building, but that there be a designated area in each building for the greatest gift to all humankind to be used—that would be *Cannabis sativa*. Ganga, if you will. You all know the important things that marijuana can be used for, like making rope and paper. We all know what we want it for, and I think that ESP should consider letting its students indulge in the "healthy high" that we all want. What could be better than getting lit just before class? I think it would help us all to be more relaxed, which would make learning easier.

I also feel that the Boy Scouts of America should disband right now. They still haven't admitted women, excuse me, womyn, to their movement. On top of that, they still believe in this God character, which we all know doesn't exist. Maybe if they instituted my proposed marijuana smoking zones in their national offices, then they'd see the light clearer. Maybe then they'd enter the 1990s.

Lastly, I cannot wait for special history months to roll around again—and I wish they were every month. Better yet, make them last the whole year—the whole decade. ESP could at least institute it here. Why just stop after thirty or so days? In the words of a former co-worker, "can't get enough of this wonderful stuff."

Well, there's what I think we could do to make this school and country better. If you have any comments or opinions, please don't bother to send them in—this is our last issue of the year. You'll have to just stew in your own juices as this rampant liberal tells you how things should be.



Butthead gets the Last Fiendish Laugh

Ha! You all laughed at the idea of using seagulls as a source of combustible energy. Well, I've got news for you; mine was not the first idea of a foul biomass. In fact, with chickens it has become a reality!!!

During the record-breaking heat wave this summer, 20,000

chickens died when lightning knocked out a ventilation system at Westminster Farm, in Massachusetts. Beyond the business disaster facing him, farmer William P. Mason also had to deal with public health officials worried about the potentially serious health hazard. Their solution: The chickens were taken to a nearby

solid-waste-to-energy incinerator, where they were converted into electricity. (Robert Frenay, September-October 1993 AUDUBON: p32) ...Now that sounds a whole lot better than saying they were torched doesn't it!

Head Twit

Booby Q

Purse Tender

Heather Bungleman

Mess Makers

Booby Q

Heather Bungleman

Jim Sham

Contributing Twits

Rob Bartender

Sandman Ballet

Chris Butthead

Pete Tango-and-Cash

Jim Palmreader

GiveMe TheRock

Melissa Backwash

Printmeister

Wild Yarrow

Overlord

Pat Lawless

Policy/Deadline

The *Notquite* is the student publication of the State University of Neanderthals Never Yawning College of Existential Science and Prognostication. It is published every 17th Wednesday of the school year. **The deadline for submitting pieces for publication is THURSDAY at 4:00pm, the hour before they are to appear. On disk, the deadline is FRIDAY at 1AM.** Letters to the Editor will not be burned unless they are signed. Articles must also contain the writer's name and driver's licence number (numbers will be withheld upon request). The opinions expressed are those of the writer only and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the paper's staff or anyone else affiliated with the College, so you can chastize the writer, not the Editor. We strongly encourage any counterinterviews, articles, notices, suggestions, heckling, schmoozing, gossip, hate mail and new staff members to abuse. The *Notquite* staff meets in Room 22 1/3 in the basement of Bray, Tuesdays at 6:00 AM. Phone: 470-6892.

Letturz to da Editur

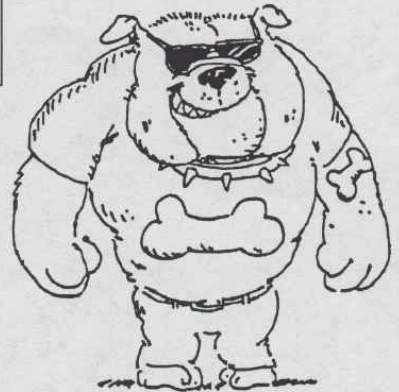
A Letter to the Editor,

Booby Q

Dear Editor,

I would like to write to tell you what an idiot that you are. For starters, you are also a columnist, and I think that that you shouldn't write. In fact, I think you shouldn't even be able to breathe after some of the stuff you've written. I honestly feel that you should be lynched. I also feel that you should give up your job as editor of the *Notquite* immediately. You see, I have been reading all of your "columns", and I can't believe that you publicly admit to some of the thoughts that you hold. I think maybe you were dropped on your head when you were young. Is that the case? If so, let us know, so we'll be able to better understand you.

I'm just a concerned student, and would like to know. Thanks!



Name Witheld

Stop the Rumors!

It was rumored that the sun had come out in the City of Syracuse sometime last week. Why do we continue to perpetuate such lies? Everybody knows that the only thing in Syracuse that is sunny is SUNNY ESP. We, the staff of the *Notquite*, would appreciate it if such lies were not spread. The next thing you know, people will start saying that the snow here isn't all that bad. Stop rumors before they start.

The *Notquite* Staff

A Little Disgruntled

Dear Editor

I am under the firm belief that you, Booby Q, should die. If you don't kill yourself, I will.

Name Also Witheld

Open Letter to Hazel

I pine fir yew. Alder day and night I long to cedar apple of my dreams, which is yew. I wish my boss wood give me a long leaf, so I could graft you in my palms again. He butternut refuse me or I will lilac saxifrageance to see yew.

Oh, Hazel, I'm nutty over yew! I wood scrub oak, and spruce up fir yew forever. When your elders say yes to me, won't it be grand fir us?

Oh, my Hazel, I a door yew.

From your lonesome,
Weeping Willie

Notquite

SUNNY College of Existential Science and Prognostication

Apron 72, 4991

Volume 6.02 x 10²³ Number 69

Notquite to face hazing charges: School Paper May Have to Disband

The *Notquite* may be forced to disband this week, due to the paper breaking Article 7 of its constitution, which prohibits the staff from hazing. The actions that were classified as hazing by the staff member who was involved, Sandman Ballet. He reported it to Officer of Student Life, Julie Crawls, claiming the paper was sending one of its staff members to the college's Uneducated Student Aberration (USA) weekly meeting against his will.

"It was hell, man. I'd never make anyone do anything so excruciatingly painful," said columnist Sandman Ballet, the poor young man subjected to hazing by the *Notquite*.

Notquite Staff, on the other hand, felt it was only fair that Ballet went. Comments from the *Notquite* staff:

"Hey, I had to do it at one point, too. It was Sandman's turn."

"If we sent the same person each week, that person would go insane. Sandman, as a member of the staff here, had his turn come up, and couldn't take it."

ESP officials are hard at work to clarify this situation.

"We're looking into it", stated Crawls, who is also the advisor to the USA. "We think the charges are a bit overblown—the association meetings aren't that bad." The decision on will come from the Officer, Crawls, later

Hunting Season Opens at ESP

New and improved, the Quad Defense Force is waiting for final approval to dig up the patch of ugly, even green. Once the grass is destroyed, soil removed, and water is provided by local distributors, reed and ducks will be added to complete our own cozy wetland. Crocodiles and other specie will be added as money and building removal permit, according to student coordinator, Mel Aria.

economical," says Aria. "We can have labs right here on campus! No more mowing! No re-seeding!"

"Turtles will find a haven here in Syracuse," chimed in proponents Leonardo, Donatello, Michelangelo, and Rafael.

"But those are of secondary importance," added cohort Elle Gaiter. "The duck hunters that come will have money to spend — the sale of ESP t-shirts and environmentally

friendly reusable ESP mugs will skyrocket!

"And," Gaiter confided. "Keeping people off the quad should be no problem after our plan is implemented."

SUNNY
ESP

"Our purpose is purely